

HANOVER, DEC. 8, 1803.

## HINDU PHILOSOPHER.

PRAISE TO GANESA,  
BELOVED EL HASSAN,

MAY the Goddess *Saraswati*, the patroness of imagination and invention, of harmony and eloquence; may the musical *Krishna*, with the nine tuneful *Gopis*; may the quiver-bearing God *Cama*, with the beautiful *Ragnies*; may all the powers of love and poetry, and may the immortal *BRUMMA* himself, second, with their most auspicious influences, our humble attempts to compare the literature and poetry of distant and dissimilar countries.

I remarked in my last epistle, that both the *Gitagovinda* and *Solomon's Song*, have, in all probability, a mystical meaning. This opinion I still believe to be correct; but with this mystical meaning, thou wilt perceive, my dear friend, that I have at present no concern. My object is to glance at the two works in the character of poems. As such I shall consider them, and leave the mystical meaning to be explained and enforced by the holy Brahmins, to whom this office belongs.

There is certainly no impropriety in thus considering them; for the poetical garb, in which the writers have thought proper to convey their sentiments, may form, with the highest propriety, a subject of critical eulogium, whatever recondite meaning may lie concealed beneath so fascinating an exterior.

The following verses are in my opinion highly beautiful. They are taken from the 2d Chapter of *Solomon's Song*:—"I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters. As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight; and his fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me to the banquetting house, and his banner over me was love. Stay me with flaggons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love. His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me."

The following verses are distinguished by a singular animation of sentiment, and melody of numbers:

"The voice of my beloved! behold he cometh, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. My beloved spake, and said unto me, rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."

What can be more beautiful, than the lines which follow?—"For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether." The mutual eulogium, which follows, is in the highest degree rich and glowing:

"Behold thou art fair, my love! Behold thou art fair! Thou hast dove's eyes within thy locks. Thy lips are, like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely. Thy two breasts are, like two young roes, that are twins, which feed among the lillies. Until the day break and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of Myrrh, and to the hill of Frankincense. Thou art all fair my love; there is not spot in thee. Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon. Look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lion's dens, from the mountains of the Leopards.

"Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravaged my heart with one of thine eyes. Thy lips, O my spouse, drop, as the

honey-comb. Honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.

"Awake, O north wind, and come thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits."

The reply is not less tender, ardent and poetical. "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse. I have gathered my myrrh with my spices; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk. Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O my beloved."

"My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand. His head is, as the most fine gold; his locks are bushy, and black, as a raven. His eyes are, as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set. His cheeks are, as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers; his lips like lillies dropping sweet-smelling myrrh. His hands are, as gold rings set with the beryl; his belly is bright ivory overlaid with sapphires. His legs are, as pillars of marble set upon sockets of fine gold. His countenance is, as Lebanon, excellent, as the cedars. His mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem."

The prevailing characteristics of this Poem are delicacy, richness and beauty; but the following passages partake in no small degree of grandeur:

"Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah; comely, as Jerusalem; terrible, as an army with banners."

"Who is she, that looketh forth, as the morning; fair, as the moon, clear, as the sun, and terrible, as an army with banners?"

Again the Poem returns to its usual beauty and elegance.

"How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O Princes' daughters! Thy two breasts are, like two young roes, that are twins. Thine head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple; the king is held in the galleries. How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights! This thy stature is, like to a palm tree, and thy breast to clusters of grapes. I said, I will go up to the palm tree; I will take hold of the boughs thereof. Now also thy breasts shall be, as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose, like apples; and the roof of thy mouth, like the best wine, for my beloved, that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those, that are asleep to speak. Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates put forth; for there will I give thee my loves. The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved."

These, my dear El Hassan, are some specimens of this beautiful Poem. I could not have transcribed any part, which is not fraught with peculiar beauty. Indeed, if I had gratified my own inclination, I should have transcribed the whole. In my next epistle, I shall produce some specimens of the *Gitagovinda*, which I fear will suffer by the comparison. In the estimation of its merits, the peculiarities of the Hindu taste should be kept constantly in view.

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From EDGEWORTH'S *Practical Education*.

## TOYS.

PRACTICAL Education begins very early, even in the nursery; without the mountebank pretence, that miracles can be performed by the turning of a straw, or the diabolical anathematizing tone, which calls down vengeance upon those who do not follow to an iota the injunctions of a theorist. We may simply observe, that parents

would save themselves a great deal of trouble, and their children some pain, if they would pay some attention to their early education. The temper acquires habits much earlier than is usually apprehended; the first impressions which infants receive, and the first habits which they learn from their nurses, influence the temper and disposition long after the slight causes which produced them are forgotten. More care and judgment than usually fall to the share of a nurse are necessary, to cultivate the disposition which infants shew, to exercise their senses, so as neither to suffer them to become indolent and torpid from want of proper objects to occupy their attention, nor yet to exhaust their senses by continual excitation. By ill-timed restraints or injudicious incitements, the nurse frequently renders the child obstinate or passionate. An infant should never be interrupted in its operations; whilst it wishes to use its hands, we should not be impatient to make it walk; or when it is pacing, with all the attention to its centre of gravity that is exerted by a rope-dancer, suddenly arrest its progress, and insist upon its pronouncing the scanty vocabulary which we have compelled it to learn. When children are busily trying experiments upon objects within their reach, we should not, by way of saving them trouble, break the course of their ideas, and totally prevent them from acquiring knowledge by their own experience. When a foolish nurse sees a child attempting to reach or lift any thing, she runs immediately, "Oh, dear love, it can't do it, it can't!—I'll do it for it, so I will!"—If the child be trying the difference between pushing and pulling, rolling or sliding, the powers of the wedge or the lever, the officious nurse hastens instantly to display her own knowledge of the mechanic powers:—"Stay, love, stay; that is not the way to do it—I'll shew it the right way—see here—look at me love."—Without interrupting a child in the moment of action, proper care might previously be taken to remove out of its way those things which can really hurt it, and a just degree of attention must be paid to its first experiments upon hard and heavy, and more especially upon sharp, brittle, and burning bodies; but this degree of care should not degenerate into cowardice; it is better that a child should tumble down or burn its fingers, than that it should not learn the use of its limbs and its senses. We should for another reason take care to put all dangerous things offensively out of the child's reach, instead of saying perpetually, "Take care, don't touch that!—don't do that!—let that alone!" The child, who scarcely understands the words, and not at all the reason of these prohibitions, is frightened by the tone and countenance with which they are uttered and accompanied; and he either becomes indolent or cunning; either he desists from exertion, or seizes the moment to divert himself with forbidden objects, when the watchful eye that guards them is withdrawn. It is in vain to encompass the restless prisoner with a fortification of chairs, and to throw him an old almanack to tear to pieces, or an old pincushion to explore; the enterprising adventurer soon makes his escape from this barricado, leaves his goods behind him, and presently is again in what the nurse calls mischief.

Mischief is with nurses frequently only another name for any species of activity which they find troublesome; the love which children are supposed to have for pulling things out of their places, is in reality the desire of seeing things in motion, or putting things into different situations.—

They will like to put the furniture in a room in its proper place, and to arrange every thing in what we call order, if we can make these equally permanent sources of active amusement; but when things are once in their places, the child has nothing more to do, and the more quickly each chair arrives at its destined situation, the sooner comes the dreaded state of idleness and quiet.

#### RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY.

THERE is a kind of persecution which approaches to madness, when, to the hatred, which our enemies naturally have against us, they add sentiments of superstition: when, under pretence of religion, they avenge their own cause, and according to the language of scripture, think to kill the saints is to render service to God. Hence so many edicts against primitive christianity, and so many cruel laws against Christians themselves: Hence the filling of a thousand deserts with exiles, and a thousand prisons with confessors: Hence the letting loose of bears, and bulls, and lions on the saints, to divert the inhabitants of Rome: Hence the applying of red hot plates of iron to their flesh: Hence iron pincers to prolong their pain, by pulling them piecemeal: Hence cauldrons of boiling oil, in which by the industrious cruelty of their persecutors they died by fire and by water too: Hence burning brazen bulls, and seats of fire and flame: Hence the skins of wild beasts in which they were wrapped in order to be torn and devoured by wild beasts: And hence those strange and nameless punishments, which would seem to have rather the air of fables than of historical facts, had not Christian persecutors. . . . Good God! Must these two titles go together! Had not Christian persecutors. . . . Let us pass this article, my brethren, let us cover these bloody objects with a veil of patience, and love.

[*Beauties of Saurin.*]

#### CHILDREN'S BOOKS:

PERHAPS it would somewhat check the enormous multiplication of books for children, if those who sit down to write them would seriously consider the task they are about in the same light with King Charles the First, who, being pressed by the parliament ministers to allow a small catechism for children which they had composed—  
“I will not,” said he, “take upon me to determine that all those texts of scripture which you quote are rightly applied, and have their true sense given them; and I assure you, gentlemen, I would license a catechism at a venture sooner for men than I would for children, because they can judge for themselves; and I make a great conscience not to permit that children should be corrupted in their first principles.”

#### DANGER OF BOUQUETS IN BED-ROOMS.

DR. HEISTER, of Göttingen, is of opinion, that a great number of persons found dead in their beds have lost their lives by the vapour exhaled from large pots of flowers kept in their bed-rooms. Dr. Ingenhousz, a celebrated German physician, who died about three years ago, has confirmed this opinion by experiments which cannot err.—Enclose, for example, in a glass vase, during the night, a bunch of any flowers whatever, taking care to put a little water upon the place on which the vase is placed, with the mouth downwards, so as to prevent any communication between the external air and that in the vase; you will find the flowers in the morning in the same state without any alteration, but they shall have changed the internal air, according to their particular qualities. Insert a bougie into this confined air, and it will be extinguished. An ordinary flower enclosed in a glass, in a volume of air ten times greater than the size of the flower, shall so corrupt it, that an animal placed in it will die in a few minutes. These experiments are interesting.

#### THE MARCHIONESS DE GANGE.

[Continued from No. IX.]

SUCH was the delicate sensibility of madame de Gange, that recollecting, after some time, that she had perhaps hurt him by her reproaches in regard to his brother, she apologized to him, and intreated him to impute whatever she had said not to any want of affection for him, but to the extremity of her sufferings, which extorted such complaints from her; and she held out her hand to him in token of perfect amity, and with a sweetness peculiar to herself. This excess of goodness, which one would imagine must have been a new punishment to the marquis, only renewed his hopes of availing himself of her affection, to secure the fortune of the dying victim. He desired her to revoke the act, by which she had confirmed her first will made at Avignon; and to confirm that which she had made since at the instigation of the abbe, which the vicar-general, in consequence of the deed before mentioned, had refused to register. But she firmly and positively protested against making any alteration; and it is believed, that this attempt of the marquis persuaded her that he had but too great a share in the dreadful resolution of taking away her life, though she did not shew her suspicions by any change in her behaviour. Certain it is, that those about her, whose notions of the marquis's guilt were before very strong, were by this ill-timed and improper request confirmed in their evil opinion of him. As he found how fixed madame de Gange was in her determination, he forbore to renew the discourse, but continued assiduously to attend on her every day, at the house of the fleur des Prats, where she still remained, not being judged in a situation to reach Montpellier, though she earnestly desired it. Her mother, madame de Roussan, and some of her relations from Avignon, arrived at Gange the day after the marquis. Madame de Roussan, who had no doubt of the marquis's guilt, was astonished to find him attending on her daughter, and to see them on good terms. Persuaded as she was, that he was the original projector of the infamous scheme to destroy her daughter, she could not with any patience endure to see him with her; her blood seemed to recoil at the sight of him; and, as she was unable to conceal or conquer the aversion she felt for him, she returned in three days to Avignon, notwithstanding all her daughter's endeavours to prevail on her to stay. Nothing could be more affecting than the pious sentiments of madame de Gange, who declared, that she sincerely forgave her murderers, and prayed to God to forgive them, and to accept her prayers for their salvation. As there were sometimes faint hopes of her recovery, but oftener total despair of it, she desired to receive the sacrament. What was her astonishment, when she beheld it presented by Perette, the same priest who had been employed to assist in her assassination! Dreading least even under the form of the sacred wafer, poison might be again administered, she insisted on the priests partaking it with her; he consented; and then in the most solemn manner she called God to witness, while she received the hostie, that she forgave her murderers, and all who had abetted their crime. It was with perfect indifference she heard those praises of her beauty, which all who now saw her could not help giving it; for never in the most brilliant health, and surrounded with all the means of happiness, did her charms appear to greater advantage, and never perhaps were they so interesting. Her eyes had sometimes all their dazzling lustre, at others, that soft languor which added to, rather than diminished their attractions. Her complexion retained all its delicacy; and her sentiments and conversation were calculated to inspire all who saw her with regret, that such an assemblage of perfections was sinking into an early grave! Her son, of whom she was passionately fond, was constantly at her bedside; and, as she knew that nothing was so likely to make a deep and indelible impression on his tender mind, as the sight of his dying mother, and hearing the advice she should give, she employed almost all the hours she did not pass in religious exercises, in endeavouring to impress on

his memory maxims of charity, piety, and forgiveness, while her own conduct gave the purest example of their practice. Above all, she sought to call away his thoughts from those ideas of vengeance, which, young as he was, arose in his mind towards the cruel wretches who had destroyed his mother.—The parliament of Toulouse nominated monsieur Catalan, counsellor of the parliament, as a commissioner to interrogate madame de Gange; he arrived on the third of June, but she was then too ill to see him; however, the next day he was admitted to her apartment, and was shut up with her alone for some time, when he forgot nothing that was likely to clear up the horrid story, into which he was commissioned to enquire. When he had made such notes as he thought proper, he mentioned to him her earnest desire to be removed from Gange, where the dreadful ideas of the scene she had passed through were ever before her eyes, and where she had several reasons to fear for her safety. Monsieur de Catalan assured her, that he would take care she should be removed as soon as possible—but it was too late; for after passing a night, in which she suffered inexpressible torments, the next day, June the fifth, her complaints seemed to recur with new violence; and about four o'clock that evening she breathed her last, surrounded by her friends, who were drowned in tears; and who were so much affected by her death, that for many years afterwards they felt as lively a sorrow whenever it recurred to them, as they did when they saw her expire.

Thus died the marchioness de Gange, in the noon of life; whose virtue and beauty made her the pride and glory of her sex. Dreadful, that she should thus fall the victim of avarice and revenge! On opening her body, it was found that her death was not by the wounds she had received, but by the poison, which had burnt the coats of her stomach, and turned her brain quite black; such was the corrosive quality of the potion she had swallowed, that though it did not all remain in her stomach, it is astonishing that her constitution could so long resist its effects. But nature, who had adorned her person with so many charms, had given her also an excellent habit of body, as if she had meant to have lent long so fair a spectacle to the world. Indeed the length of time she struggled with the deadly consequences of the poison, and her voice and look, which were little impaired, gave hopes, from time to time, she might have recovered. As soon as she was dead, Monsieur de Catalan ordered the marquis, who was still at Gange, to be arrested. He said that it was his design to pursue by law the assassins of his wife; however, the magistrate put his seal on the chateau, and ordered him to be carried to the prison of Montpellier; where, though it was night when he arrived, the windows and streets were filled with spectators, and the populace, who, as well as those of superior rank, were convinced of his guilt, received him with groans, sobs, and imprecations.—Madame de Roussan, the mother of madame de Gange, took possession of her daughter's estates, and loudly declared her resolution of avenging her death on the marquis and his execrable brothers. She published a memorial against him, which, as it is only a repetition of the foregoing facts, need not be here noticed—except that in it she accuses the marquis of having once beat her daughter, and shut her up in a kind of tower several days, where she was seized with a disorder resembling an apoplexy. The marquis de Gange gave to this memorial a very short answer, of which this is the sense:—He says, that having the misfortune to have two brothers who have taken away the life of his wife, of a wife he tenderly loved, he, in completion of his unhappiness, is accused of being one of the accomplices. Overwhelmed and confounded by a destiny so severe, his innocence has not the power to manifest itself; all that he can say is, that on supposition only can he be thought guilty, and that much of what has been said against him is founded on calumny. Such is the story of the marchioness being poisoned in cream, and of the ill treatment she is supposed to have received. And as to his being a party concerned in the murder, it is found-

merely on conjecture, and without any shadow of proof. He therefore appeals to the justice and equity of the judge, against this slight and merely presumptive evidence.

[To be concluded.]



—PHILOSOPHICAL—

OF PHYSICAL PRINCIPLES.

THE evidence of the external senses is obviously the primary principle from which all physical knowledge is derived. But whereas nature begins with causes, which after a variety of changes produce effects, the senses open upon the effects, and from them, through the slow and painful road of experiment and observation, descend to causes.

Man appears upon the stage of this material system as upon a visionary theatre, in which he looks only upon the exterior of things, as the eye upon a flower that is full-blown; or upon an insect in all the pride and beauty of its colours, without observing immediately the different stages through which they have passed, the different changes they have undergone; and without descending to the seeds and principles from which they spring, and which upon examination, will be found totally different both in form and colour. In like manner are the senses the ultimate criteria of all physical knowledge, liable to be imposed upon and deceived in regard to the qualities and causes, the powers and operations of physical bodies.

The senses are therefore to be assisted by observations taken with diligence and circumspection; and to be undeceived by different analyses, which dissect nature of her external and compounded form, and lay open her internal mechanism and construction; their errors and misconceptions are to be rectified by the use of experiments of different kinds, which penetrate her inmost recesses, and descend to her remotest causes. By the application of such assistance they are enabled, but not without difficulty, to leave behind the fallacious, to pass from one appearance to another, and as far as human search can go, to judge of the realities of things. The information which the sense gives us, as Lord BACON, the great friend and father of philosophers, has observed, is to be examined and corrected by various methods; for though they deceive us on all occasions, they themselves discover the errors into which they lead; but whereas the errors lie immediately before us, the indications of them are to be sought at a great distance.

The senses are subject to a two-fold defect; they either desert or else deceive us. Many subjects elude their cognizance, however well they may be disposed and free from impediment, either from the tenuity of the whole object, or the extreme minuteness of its parts; from the distance of its situation, the slowness or velocity of its motion, its familiarity to the eye, and from many other causes. And again, where they fully apprehend their object, they are not to be securely relied upon; for the testimony and information of the senses depend on the analogy and constitution of man, and not on those of the universe; so that, to say that sense is the adequate measure or competent judge of things, is an assertion founded on mistake.

To obviate the imperfections of sense, philosophers are under the necessity, by much labor and attention, of calling in aid from every quarter; and also to regulate and rectify them where they vary in themselves. This is effected not so much by the use of instruments, as by the help of experiments; for experiments are more penetrating and subtle than the senses, even when assisted by instruments of the most exquisite contrivance. We mean such experiments as are ingeniously in-

vented, and applied with skill and address to the elucidation of every thing which is the subject of enquiry.

Philosophers do not, therefore, rely upon the perception of the senses, immediately applied as in their proper and common exercise, but bring the matter of judging to this issue: that the senses judge of experiments, and experiments of things: thus experiments are in fact as the religious guardians of the senses, from which every thing in sound philosophy is originally derived, and the skilful interpreter of their oracles; so that whilst others only pretend, true philosophers in reality cultivate and support the evidence of sense. It may therefore be laid down as a maxim, "That no physical effect is really explained or understood, unless it be deduced from a physical cause, the existence and operation of which can be experimentally demonstrated." Men have no right to assume the character of law-givers to the works of GOD, but must be content to borrow from them all the laws of philosophy. H.



DESCRIPTION

*Of a singular optical Illusion, called  
THE MIRAGE.*

[From a French Author.]

THE country of lower Egypt is nearly a level plain, which loses itself, like the sea, in the clouds at the extremity of the horizon. Its uniformity is only interrupted by a few eminences, either natural or facitious, on which are situated the villages thus kept out of the reach of the inundation of the Nile; and these eminences, less usual on the skirts of the desert, more frequently to be seen on the side of the Delta, and which appear like a dark line on a very transparent sky, are rendered still further visible by the date-trees and sycamores, oftener to be met with in such situations than elsewhere.

Both morning and evening the aspect of the country is exactly as it ought to be; and between you and the last villages which present themselves, you perceive nothing but land; but when the surface of the earth is sufficiently heated by the rays of the sun, and, indeed, until it begins to get cold towards the evening, the land no longer seems to have the same extension, but to be terminated, to within the distance of a league, by a general inundation.

The villages placed beyond that, appear like so many islands stationed in the middle of a great lake, from which the spectator is separated by an extent of land, more or less considerable, according to circumstances. You then behold the image of each of these villages reflected exactly as if it were exhibited on a clear surface of water, with only this difference,—that, as the representation is at a considerable distance, the smaller objects are invisible, and the masses alone distinct: in addition to this, the edges of the reversed image are rather ill designed, and such as they would be if the surface of the reflecting medium happened to be a little agitated.

In proportion as one approaches a village, which appears to be placed in the midst of an inundation, the margin of the water seems to recede; and the arm of the sea, separating you, as it were, from the village, shrinks back by degrees: it at length disappears entirely, and the phenomenon, which now ceases in respect to the first village, is instantly reproduced by a new one, which you discover at due distance in the rear. Thus every thing contributes to complete an illusion which is sometimes cruel, more especially in the desert, because it tantalizes you with the appearance of water at a time when you experience the greatest want of that element.

SMALL CAKES FOR TEA.

TAKE half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of sugar, and one egg; which make into a paste, and, when rolled out very thin, cut with a cup, or tin mould.

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METHOD OF SALTING MEAT.

AS farmers are most commonly too far distant from market places, to be supplied from them with fresh meat, and as it is most convenient for them to kill only at certain seasons, they ought to be well acquainted with the best methods of keeping meat in good order, by salting.

The common method of preserving pork, reserving the lean parts for use in the cold season, and applying a large quantity of salt to the fat, is perhaps as good as any can be. But beef is greatly injured, and rendered unwholesome by a severe salting.

A good method of preserving beef, which I have known to be practised for several years past, is as follows: For a barrel of beef of the common size, reduce to powder in a mortar, four quarts of common salt; then eight ounces of salt petre, and five pounds of brown sugar. Let the salt be well rubbed into the pieces, pack them close in the barrel, and sprinkle the salt petre and sugar evenly over each layer. No water at all is to be applied. The juices of the meat, if well packed, will form a sufficient quantity of brine; and the beef will keep sweet and good through the following summer, supposing it killed and packed in the beginning of winter, or late in autumn; and will not be too salt to be palatable.—Draining off the brine and purifying it by boiling and scumming, with the addition of a little salt in the beginning of summer, and returning of the brine upon the meat, will be a real improvement.

[Deane's N. Eng. Farmer.]

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GALVANISM.

MR. CARPUE, (says a London paper of Oct. 1st,) Dr. Pearson, and several other medical gentlemen, lately repeated the Galvanic experiments on the body of Michael Carney, the criminal executed for murder. The principal object was to ascertain, whether Galvanism applied immediately to the nerves, could excite action in internal parts, and particularly those subservient to respiration. With this view, an opening was first made into the windpipe, and about three pints of oxygen was thrown into the lungs; the phrenic nerve was then exposed to conductors applied to it and to the inside of the rectum, the lungs being at the same time occasionally inflated; yet no action could be excited in the diaphragm; the nerves do not seem to be conductors of the Galvanic fluid. Conductors applied to the inside of the rectum and nostrils, excited very considerable contractions in the right auricle more than three hours after death; the ventricles were, as in professor Aldini's experiments, perfectly motionless; the distortions of the muscles of the countenance, &c. were nearly the same as on the former occasion. The experiments were conducted with perfect accuracy and science; but no new fact appears to be ascertained.

TO A GENTLEMAN

WHO IS MUCH ADDICTED TO SWEARING.

I should think, Mr. R—, since so often you swear,  
You're convinc'd that religion's a bite;  
And, if call'd to defend what no doubt you commend,  
You'd convince us that swearing was right.

Should not this be the case, I declare to your face  
I could wish you a little more cool;  
Let some one should be still feverer than me,  
And plainly proclaim you a fool.

## THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

**F**IX'D in his worn-worn seat, from day to day,  
Arm'd with the ensigns of his petty rule,  
With age bent double, and with years grown gray,  
Behold the sov'reign of the village school.

And yet, with judgment sound, behold him trace,  
Amidst the incessant buzz that floats around,  
The various merits of the infant race,  
The various soils, the good or barren ground.

The human face, so fages tell us, shews,  
(And to their jaws what mortals can be blind?)  
It indicates, as shrewd Lavater knows,  
The never-varying index of the mind.

If this be true, then in *this face* we see  
The London merchant worth a double plum;  
In *that* (and spare it, oh! ye fatal Three),  
The shrilly fife and battle-firring drum.

In *these* strong lineaments we view the plough,  
In *those* the forge, the anvil, and the file;  
In *one* we find the hero's laurel'd brow,  
In *'other* mark the scholar's golliw'd style.

*Here* stalks, with briefs & parchments cover'd o'er,  
The future lawyer, full of quips and quinks;  
*There* shines a second Hales, the sound divine,  
The embryo author of some matchless works.

'Tis *easy* to discover in *this face*,  
Without the aid, indeed, of second sight,  
Another mighty Nimrod of the chase,  
Of hounds and hunters bold the darling wight.

In *that* we trace, devoid of ev'ry art,  
Of manners gentle and affections mild,  
While with compassion throbs the feeling heart,  
Of chilling penury the patient child.

On soils, or good or bad, man's lot is cast;  
And each, with pleasure or with pain, we find  
The part, whate'er it be, from first to last,  
The part performs which Providence assign'd.

## PARODY OF ROMEO'S DESCRIPTION OF AN APOTHECARY.

I DO remember an old batchelor,  
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted  
In suit of fables with a care-worn brow  
Combing his books; and meagre were his looks—  
Celibacy had worn him to the bones;—  
And in his silent parlour hung a coat  
The which the moths had used not less than he—  
Four chairs, one table, and an old hair trunk  
Made up the furniture, and on his shelves  
A greasy clad candlestick, a broken mug,  
Two tumblers, and a box of old segars,  
Remnants of volumes, once in some repute  
Were thinly scattered round to tell the eye  
Of prying stranger,—THIS MAN HAD NO WIFE—  
His tattered elbow gap'd most piteously,  
And ever as he turned him round, his skin  
Did through his stockings peep upon the day—  
Noting his gloom, unto myself I said,  
And if a man did covet single life,  
Reckless of joys that matrimony gives,  
Here lives a gloomy wretch would shew it him  
In such most dismal colors, that the shrew  
Or slut, or idiot, or the gossip spouse  
Were each a heav'n, compar'd with such a life—  
But this same thought does not forerun my need  
Nor shall this batchelor tempt me to wed—  
As I remember this should be the house;  
Being sabbath-noon, the outer door is shut.

## THE UNFORTUNATE MOTHER,

To her Infant at the Breast.

UNHAPPY child of indifferetion!  
Poor slumberer on a breast forlorn,  
Pledge and reproof of rash transgression,  
Dear, tho' unwelcome to be born;

For thee, a suppliant with addressing  
To heav'n, thy mother fain would dare;  
But conscious blushes stain the blessing,  
And sighs suppress my broken pray'r.

And, hark! the voice of female glory,  
And what is honor call'd on earth,  
Warn me to hush thy fatal story,  
And hide thy sad disastrous birth.

But, spite of these, my heart unshaken,  
In parent duty turns to thee;  
Though long repented, ne'er forsaken,  
Thy days shall lov'd and guarded be.

And, lest th' injurious world upbraid thee,  
For mine, or for thy father's ill,  
A nameless mother oft shall aid thee—  
A hand unseen protect thee still.

And tho' to rank and place a stranger,  
Thy life an humble course must run;  
Soon shalt thou learn to fly the danger,  
Which I too late have learnt to shun.

Meantime, in these sequester'd vallies,  
Here may'st thou rest in safe content;  
For Innocence may smile at Malice,  
And thou, oh! thou, art innocent!

Here thine infant wants are giv'n,  
Shelter and rest, and purest air,  
And milk as pure—but, mercy, heav'n!  
My tears have dropt and mingled there!

## EFFECT OF A COSMETIC.

A VERY curious occurrence lately took place at the baths of Baden in Austria. A lady, who was remarkable for the beauty of her complexion, repaired to the baths in an elegant *neglige*. She had hardly dipped her hands into the water before she perceived that they were become perfectly black. She was unable to account for this; but, determined not to expose herself to the laughter of her companions, she retired to a corner of the bath, and undressed herself, intending to wash off the blackness; when she got into the water, into which she immediately jumped up to her chin. On coming out of the water, she found her bosom, her neck, and part of her chin, metamorphosed into those of a negro's. This dreadful event occasioned the greatest consternation in her mind; and she called in the assistance of her friends; but it was many days before they could succeed perfectly in *washing the black-a-more white*. The cause of the phenomenon is well known to all chemists to be in the property of the Baden waters, of blackening all metals; and the lady had been employing cosmetics, into the composition of which metallic substances had entered.

## CURIOUS FACTS.

IT is somewhat remarkable, that Queen Elizabeth was the first person in England who wore silk stockings: they were presented to her by a Mrs. Montague; and "thenceforth," says Dr. Howell, "she never wore cloth once any more." The art of knitting silk stockings by wires, or needles, was first practised in Spain; and, twenty-eight years after it had been imported into England, Mr. Lee, of Cambridge, invented the engine, or steel-loom, called the stocking-frame, which enabled England to export great quantities of silk stockings to Italy and other parts. Mr. Lee taught his art in England and France, and his servants did the same in Spain, Venice, and Ireland.

IN the reign of Edward III. the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench had a salary of no more than 66l. 13s. 4d. per annum; and the ordinary judges of that bench, and of the Common Pleas, had only 40l. each per annum. The annual allowance of Henry the Fourth's Confessor was higher; it was 69l. 10s. 6d. In the year 1573 Queen Elizabeth created the Earl of Shrewsbury Earl Marshal of England during life, with a salary

of only 20l. per annum: her Secretary of the French tongue, Thomas Edmonds, Esq. was treated more generously; his salary was 66l. 13s. 4d. and the same with that of the Chief Justice.

THE affection of the humblest orders of animated creation for their young, has often been described and applauded in the works of the classic poets. It was reserved for Tasso and Roscoe, to exhibit one more picture of the "passion of the groves."

"Mark, too, the feathered tenants of the air;  
What, tho' their breasts no milky fountains bear,  
Yet well may yours a soft emotion prove,  
From their example of maternal love.  
On rapid wing the anxious parent flies  
To bring her helpless brood their due supplies.  
See the young pidgeon from the parent's beak  
With struggling eagerness its nurture take.  
The hen, when'er the long sought grain is found,  
Calls with assiduous voice her young around,  
Then to her breasts the little stragglers brings,  
And screens from danger by her guardian wings.  
Safe through the day beneath a mother's eye  
In their warm nest the unfledg'd cygnets lie;  
But when the sun withdraws his garish beam,  
A father's wing supports them down the stream."

## DR. JOHNSON'S MARRIAGE.

DR. JOHNSON gave the following curious account of his journey to church on the nuptial morn: The church at which we chose the ceremony should be performed, lay in a distant parish, and we set out on horseback. It was a love match on both sides,—but the bride had read the old romances and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So she at first told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice; and I resolved to begin as I could end, I therefore pushed on briskly till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did I observed her to be in tears.

## ANECDOTE

## OF THE GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY.

COSMO de Medicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany, concerning whom, on account of his prodigious wealth, it was rumoured, that he had the art of transmutation. A noble Venetian, who, though he had but a small fortune, was extremely well recommended to his Highness, (and by his polite behaviour, added daily to his credit in that court) one day fairly put the question, and asked the Duke, if he had the Philosopher's Stone, or not? "My friend," said the Duke, "I have; and because I have a regard for you, I will give you the receipt in a few words.—I never put off until tomorrow, what may be done to day; nor do I think any matter so trivial, as not to deserve notice." The Venetian thanked his Serene Highness for the secret; and by observing his rules, acquired a great estate.

Literal copy of an advertisement in a German Newspaper—"Wanted, a person who will play the Devil, in the new Tragedy of The Count of Lubeck. A person of down-cast look, heavy brows, and deep guttural tone, will meet with a preference."

Hanover, N. H.

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